

Gloria Record, The "Torch Yourself"

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This town has no seasons

it's the middle of October,

and you'd think there'd be a nice,

cool breeze by now (but you'd be wrong).

The summer lingers here for half of the year

and I'm convinced that we are all about to crash into
the sun.

I fell asleep on paper wings.

These people have no feelings

their heads are the only things that ever teach them
anything about love.

And I'm not sad, I just want to trust someone so badly.

I just want something beautiful to happen here right
now.

I fell asleep on paper wings.

These words have no manners

they come to me at night when I am trying to sleep

(and shake me violently, like it's the end of the world or
something).

And I wake up on paper wings.

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